New York in June.

The first days of summer, which led us to talk of old New York, are as lovely in the New York that we know. It is a beautiful season in cities every-where. In Naples and Rome and Florence the early warm days are de-lightful. In London they are the best of the year. In Paris they are incomparable. The Englishman is a traveler. Even the Londoner has his Greenwich Hill, and his Thames excursion, and his green Richmond. But the Parisian is cockney of the cockneys. Paris is paradise. His gay nature responds sensitively to the season, and spring upon the boulevards is as smiling as spring in the meadows of the Loire.

The Parisian takes kindly to the gregarious out-of-door life. The first warm sun melts his winter clothing. and he emerges in bright light attire The broad sidewalks swarm with pretty toilets and merry groups. Be-fore every cafe there is a lively circle. They are drinking coffee, or mild eau sucre, or raspberry syrup, or the flery absinthe. They are smoking cigarettes, vehemently gesticulating, and shrug-ging their shoulders. It is a gay world out-of-doors, and the very exteriors of the buildings, with their balconies and bright-hued stone, have a festal aspect, and at a moment's notice will decorate themselves with brilliant draperies. There are rich plants with large lustrous leaves at doors and upon verandas. Birds are singing in gilt cages. "Does it please monsieur to have a nosegay?" asks the most piquant of flower girls; and monsteur, if he be a noble American, is pleased—as he remarks in his vernacular-every time If it be his first visit, monsieur seems never to have known before how beau-

tiful is the opening of summer. But he may observe it as well at home. The American, indeed, is not se much at home out-of-doors as his French ally. He makes terrible work sinful to him, and he looks askance at the wicked Walt Whitman, who openly prints that he "loafs and invites his No wonder that the Society for the Suppression of Vice prosecutes such an offender! But despite himself the first summer days in New York, as in the other great cities, are delightful. The very warmth restrains the national rush, and thus imposes an air of leisure upon the street. Here, too, as in that Paris of the flower girl, the windows are all open and the birds windows are all open and the birds will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into the valley is carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living near it, and among them clambering upon spouts and blinds, and bright inclosures of green grass, and luxuriant ferns and oleanders upon palace balconies; and here, too, are the superb equipages, with female figures out of the fashion plates, suggestive of utter idleness and enormous expense and an incredible worship of Mrs. Grundy, and here are the club windows, with the regulation club gentle-man looking out with his hat on, as he has seen in London clubs and read in Mr. Disrael's novels, and here is the vast throng in the bright day, the elders sitting upon the benches in the parks, the children shouting, and rolling on skates and daring the bicycle. In the shops are such alluring tempta tions that money burns the pocket, and the Jacqueminot roses and all their fragrant kindred glowing in the windows seem to young lovers, as they pass, only true types and symbols of this happy world, all beauty and perfume and summer.—Harper's Maga-

A Cheerfull Send-off.

At a recent Sabbath evening service in this city the pastor, who was going to Europe for the summer, took a very affecting leave of his congregation, and at the close requested that all should join with him in repeating the Lord's Prayer, "after which" the choir would "sing a hymn." As soon as the prayer was finished the basso struck up "rock-ed in the cradle of the deep," and the organist favored the audience with a mock thunderstorm, with howling winds, etc., between the verses! And then the benediction!—Music and Drama, Chicago Letter.

A native assistant surgeon serving with the British troops in Afghanistan and northwestern India has found willow leaves a valuable substitute for quinine in the treatment of intermittent fever. The juice of fresh willow leaves is given, largely diluted with

We hand folks over to God's mercy but show none ourselves.

Plantation Life in Louisiana.

On the plantation each negro has a little patch of land, which is his to cultivate and sell the products as long as he remains there. This gives the labor ers a little interest in their work, pro-motes competition and zeal, and retains them on the plantation. It is negro nature to shift about from place to place. These laborers at Belle Grove are the genuine plantation negroes, bav-ing been born and reared here. They are a "happy-go-easy-take-no-thoughtfor-the-morrow" race. "Jeff" is a case. He is about ten years of age, very black and very bright. His feet reflect the sun's rays and are always seen before his head. His office is to feed the chickens, turkeys, dogs and cats, brush soiled linen, black boots, pink boutonniers, run errands, and at dinner or breakfast to take a long palm leaf branch and slowly fan away the flies. "Mary" has just "taken "ligion." She says the minister "gives her prayers," and that saves her from "de debbil." Here is a Tribune. portion of her daily prayer: "Member peration of divine grace; hang his tongue on the gospel hinges. And now, Lor', when thou done 'mhemin' him and all roun' de world, 'member poor ungrashus me and hear my unworthy groans." If space would allow we might mention other appeals equally as forcible which dropped spontaneously from the mouths of "Christses chillun." Suffice it to say that such expressions as "Ise gettin' hot," "Hold me, Brudder Washington," "Sister Davis, hold me down," were many and emphatic, and accompanied by a lively clapping of hands and frantic gestures which in-creased in tone and measure as they grew "hotter." During my sojourn at Belle Grove I saw nearly every charac-Belle Grove I saw nearly every characteristic of darkey life, even to one of their most fashionable "breakdowns," "Sway your lovely partner," "Hug her tight," "Ise used to when Ise a boy," "Promenade, take your time," "Get up dere, you gal," "Leave your lovely partners in de flo," etc., were the words which reaches a second control of the same transfer of the same which reaches us as we stood looking on. It was a novel sight and one shall not soon forget .- New Orleans Picayune.

Romauce of the Golden Ledge.

A story about which there is a great fascination which it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said, there is a wonderful valley. Small, inclosed in high rocky walls and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it thoroughly and makes it a perfect para-lise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yeliow metal as other streams do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the centre of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin of a holiday. Leisure is still a little and around it clusters a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the dominion of the descendants of the Conquestedores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. sing; and there are blooming wistarias it is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the reedicine lodge. Having such a story to work upon there is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexicans should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvaraz, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of the wall. Finding that he could not hope to enter by climbing down, he took up his abode with the Indians who guard the canyon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance, Jose went in, and would possibly have gotten away with some of the gold had he not weighed himself down to such an extent that he could not get up the declivity at the lower end of the passage. He was discovered, and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all the terrible cere-monies of the old Aztec religion. She, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil trying to find the Madre' d'Oro, but it is scarcely necessary to say without result—Las Cruces Republican.

Jonathan Edwards' Frankness.

One of Jonathhn Edward's cotemporaries, the Rev. Dr. B., in an adjoining town, discarded the severest of the Cal-vanistic dogmas. A notorious scamp in the town, much affected in a revival, went to the doclor and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time, "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it," replied the dominie, "Glad to hear it," replied the dominic, your neighbors have long realized it."
"I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "That I am willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well," replied the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objectim."

One of Jonathan Edward's daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had the tit doesn't mean something, and the only way you are safe is to go bareheaded.

also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said was referred to her father. "No," said that stern individual, "you can't have my daughter." "But I love her and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her," said the father. "I am well to do and can support her," explained the applicant. "Can't have her," persisted the old man. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No," thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her." The lover amazed, said, "Why, Mr. Edwards! I thought Emily was a Christian. She is a Christian, isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientious parent, "but, young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't."—Post and

A Veteran Billiard Player's Knowledge of Law.

On the day of Guiteau's execution Michael Geary was standing behind his bar. There entered from the Cedar street side, breathless and seemingly excited, a man in seedy black. He advanced to the counter and dealt it a blow that made it tremble.

"So they've hanged Charley Guiteau!" he exclaimed. "It was a shame (give me a little whisky). If I had been back in time to defend him (sugar please) they never should have perpetrated that outrage," and he drained his glass and set it down so hard as to send its fragments flying over Michael. Geary's brow began to blacken, and his voice sounded ominous as he remarked in-quiringly, "No?"

"No, sir, if that chucklehead Charley Reed had read his Blackstone and Chitty, or even his Peterbaugh, he never (some more whisky, please). I say he would never—(I'd like some more whisky, if you please)—would never have permitted that case to even go to the jury. Ain't you going to set out that whisky?"

Michael had quietly come out from behind the counter and confronted the lawyer. He touched him on the shoul der and remarked slowly and impressively: "My friend, you owe me fifteen cents for whisky and twenty-five cents for the glass. I would like forty cents, if you please."

The man of genius made a weak and abortive search through his vest pockets and said, "Yes, yes, that'll be all right; just get behind your counter, please, and set me out some more whisky, and I will discharge the whole obligation at once." - Said Michael in deepest tones: "Are

you a lawyer?"
The fellow said be was.

"Have you read Blackstone and Chit-ty—likewise Peterbaugh, of whom you spoke but now?" The lawyer said, oh, yes, he knew

em by heart. "There is one law work with which you are not conversant," said Michael, demnly, as his fingers began to twitch. "What is that?" asked the lawyer.

"Geary on Ejectments!" thundered Michael, and did the bounce act with a vim that landed him in the middle of the street .- Billiard Mirror.

The New Era.

tensive sympathy there was in connec-President Garfield. That sympathy made him the conspicuous figure in the opening of a new chapter, perhaps I may say a new era, in the history of our race. There was never anything like it. There never could have been. Up to that time that quick and diffusive element in nature which symbolizes human sympathy had not so lost itself to man that such sympathy had been impossible. For ages the gambols of electricity in the clouds had awakened the thunder, its bolts had smitten the earth, it had streamed up in long lines in the aurora, but it had waited for a Franklin, a Henry, a Morse, a Field so to tame it and bring it under the yoke of service to man that its slightest whisper should outleap the thunder, and that the long wires for its instan-taneous transit should become bands of steel to bind and hold fast in amity nations whom oceans have separated.

Charity Begins at Home.

"Your Honor, you've thirteen men on that jury," suggested a by-stander to a justice of the peace in a neighboring town a day or two ago, where ar ing town a day or two ago, where an unfortunate hombre was on trial for vagrancy. "Bless my soul, that's true," said the venerable squire, adjusting his specs and casting a benignant look upon the thirteen good men and true; "Mr. Foreman, please excuse one of the jurymen." "All right, Your Honor," responded the foreman promptly, as he reached for his hat and started out, amidst an andible smile from the lobby. amidst an audible smile from the lobby, "I excuse myself."—San Jose (Cal.) Mercury.

Prof. Robert Odlum, of the Natatorium, this city, was cured of severe at-tack of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

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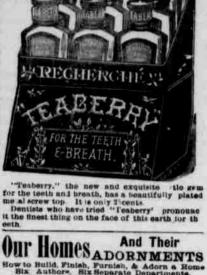
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